

THE CROSS-CUT

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Again a moan from the man on the bed, and at last a slight resistance to the sting of the batteries. An hour passed, two; gradually Harry came to himself, to stare about him in a wondering, vacant manner and then to fasten his eyes upon Fairchild. He seemed to be struggling for speech, for co-ordination of ideas. Finally, after many minutes—

"That's you, Boy?"

"Yes, Harry."

"But where are we?"

"We're in a hospital, and you're knocked out. Don't you know where you've been?"

"I don't know anything since I slid down the wall."

"Since you what?"

But Harry had lapsed into semi-consciousness again. And it was not until late in the night after the rescue, following a few hours of rest forced upon him by the interne, that Fairchild once more could converse with his stricken partner.

"It's something I'll have to show you to explain," said Harry. "I can't tell you about it. You know where that little fissure is in the 'anging wall, away back in the stope?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it. That's where I got out."

"But what happened before that?"

"What didn't happen?" asked Harry, with a painful grin. "Everything in the world happened. I—but what did the assay show?"

Fairchild reached forth and laid a hand on the brawny one of his partner.

"We're rich, Harry," he said, "richer than I ever dreamed we could be. The ore's as good as that of the Silver Queen!"

"The bloody 'ell it is!" Then Harry dropped back on his pillow for a long time and simply grinned at the ceiling. Somewhat anxious, Fairchild leaned forward, but his partner's eyes were open and smiling. "I'm just letting it sink in," he announced, and Fairchild was silent, saving his questions until "it" had sunk. Then:

"You were saying something about that fissure?"

"But there is other things first. After you went to the assayers, I fooled around there in the chamber, and I thought I'd just take a flyer and blow up them 'oles that I'd drilled in the 'anging wall at the same time that I shot the other. So I put in the powder and fuses, tamped 'em down and then I thinks, thinks I, that there's somebody moving around in the drift. But I didn't pay any attention to it—you know, I was busy and all that, and you often 'ear noises that sound funny. So I set 'em off—that is, I lit the fuses and I started to run. Well, I hadn't any more started when blooey-y, right in front of me, the whole world turned upside down, and I felt myself knocked back into the chamber. And there was them fuses. All of 'em burning. Well, I managed to pull out the one from the foot wall and stamp it out, but I didn't 'ave time to get at the others. And the only place where there was a chance for me was clear at the end of the chamber. Already I was bleeding like a stuck hog where a whole 'arf mountain 'ad 'it me on the 'ead, and I didn't know what I was doing. I just wanted to get 'em'd something—that's all I could think of. So I shielded for that fissure in the rocks and crawled back in there, trying to squeeze as far along as I could. And 'ere's the funny part of it—I kept on going!"

"You what?"

"Kept on going. I'd always thought it was just a place where the 'anging wall 'ad slipped, and that it stopped a few feet back. But it don't—it goes on. I crawled along it as fast as I could—I was about woozy, anyway—and by and by I 'eard the shots go off 'em'd me. But there wasn't any use in going back—the tunnel was caved in. So I kept on."

"After a while, I ran into a stream of water that came out of the inside of the 'ill somewhere, and I took a drink. It gave me a bit of strength. And then I kept on some more—until all of a sudden, I slipped and fell, just when I was beginning to see daylight. And that's all I know. 'Ow long 'ave I been gone?"

"Long enough to make me gray-headed," Fairchild answered with a little laugh. Then his brow furrowed. "You say you slipped and fell just as you were beginning to see daylight?"

"Yes. It looked like it was reflected from below, someway."

Fairchild nodded.

"Isn't there quite a spring right by Crazy Laura's house?"

"Yes; it keeps going all year; there's a current and it don't freeze up. It comes out like it was a waterfall—and there's a roaring noise behind it."

"Then that's the explanation. You followed the fissure until it joined the natural tunnel that the spring has made through the hills. And when you reached the waterfall—well, you fell with it."

"But 'ow did I get 'ere?"

Briefly Fairchild told him, while Harry panted at his still magnificent mustache. Robert continued:

"But the time's not ripe yet, Harry, to spring it. We've got to find out more about Rodaine first and what other tricks he's been up to. And we've got to get other evidence than merely our own word. For instance, in this case, you can't remember anything. All the testimony I could give would be unsupported. They'd run me out of town if I even tried to start any such accusation. But one thing's certain: We're on the open road at last, we know who we're fighting and the weapons he fights with. And if we're

only given enough time, we'll whip him. I'm going home to bed now; I've got to be up early in the morning and get hold of Farrell. Your case comes up at court."

"And I'm up in a 'ospital!"

Which fact the court the next morning recognized, on the testimony of the interne, the physician and the day nurses of the hospital, to the extent of a continuance until the January term in the trial of the case. A thing which the court further recognized was the substitution of five thousand dollars in cash for the deeds of the Blue Poppy mine as security for the bail.

And with this done, the deeds to his mine safe in his pocket, Fairchild went to the bank, placed the papers behind the great steel gates of the safety deposit vault, and then crossed the street to the telegraph office. A long message was the result, and a money order to Denver that ran beyond a hundred dollars. The instructions that went with it to the biggest florist in town were for the most elaborate floral design possible to be sent by express for Judge Richmond's funeral—minus a card denoting the sender. Following this, Fairchild returned to the hospital, only to find Mother Howard taking his place beside the bed of Harry. One more place called for his attention—the mine.

Health returned slowly to the big Cornishman; it would be a matter of weeks before he could be the genial, strong giant that he once had represented. And in those weeks Fairchild was constantly beside him.

Nor that there were no other things which were represented in Robert's desires—far from it. Stronger than ever was Anita Richmond in Fairchild's thoughts now, and it was with avidity that he learned every scrap of news regarding her, as brought to him by Mother Howard. Dully he heard that Maurice Rodaine had told friends that the passing of the Judge had caused only a slight postponement in their marital plans.

Finally, back to his normal strength once more, Harry rose from the armchair by the window of the boarding house and turned to Fairchild.

"We're going to work tonight," he announced calmly.

"When?" Fairchild did not believe he understood. Harry grinned. "Tonight. I've taken a notion. Rodaine 'll expect us to work in the daytime. We'll fool 'im. We'll leave the guards on in the daytime and work at night. And what's more, we'll keep a guard on at the mouth of the shaft while we're inside, not to let nobody down. See?"

Fairchild agreed. He knew Squint Rodaine was not through. And he knew also that the fight against the man with the blue-white scar had only begun. The cross-cut had brought wealth and the promise of riches to Fairchild and Harry for the rest of their lives. But it had not freed them from the danger of one man—a man who was willing to do anything in the world, it seemed, to achieve his purpose. Harry's suggestion was a good one.

Well, then Harry ran, to do much as Fairchild had done, to chuckle and laugh and toss the heavy bits of ore about, to stare at them in the light of his carbide torch, and finally to hurry into the new stope which had been fashioned by the hired miners in Fairchild's employ and stare upward at the heavy vein of riches above him.

"Wouldn't it knock your eyes out?" he exclaimed, beaming. "That vein's certainly five feet wide."

"And two hundred dollars to the ton," added Fairchild, laughing. "No wonder Rodaine wanted it."

"I'll say so!" A long time of congratulatory celebration, then Harry led the way to the far end of the great

cavern. "Ere it is!" he announced, as he pointed to what seemed to both of them never to be anything more than a fissure in the rocks. "It's the thing that saved my life."

Fairchild stared into the darkness of the hole in the earth, a narrow crack in the rocks barely large enough to allow a human form to squeeze within. He laughed.

"You must have made yourself pretty small, Harry."

"What? When I went through there? Say, I could 'ave gone through the eye of a needle. There were six charges of dynamite just about to go off behind me!"

Again the men chuckled as they looked at the fissure, a natural, usual thing in a mine, and often leading, as

this one did, by subterranean breaks and slips to the underground bed of some tumbling spring. Suddenly, however, Fairchild whistled with a thought.

"Harry! I wonder—couldn't it have been possible for my father to have escaped from this mine in the same way?"

"E must 'ave."

"And that there might not have been any killing connected with Larsen at all? Why couldn't Larsen have been knocked out by a flying stone—just like you were? And why?"

"E might of, Boy. But Harry's voice was negative. "The only thing about it was the fact that your father 'ad a bullet 'ole in 'is 'ead."

Harry leaned forward and pointed to his own scar. "It 'it right about 'ere, and glanced."

"But the gun? We didn't find any."

"E 'ad it with 'im. It was Sissie Larsen's. No, Boy, there must 'ave been a fight—but don't think that I mean your father murdered anybody. If Sissie Larsen attacked 'im with a gun, then 'e 'ad a right to kill. But as I've told you before—there wouldn't 'ave been a chance for 'im to prove 'is story with Squint working against 'im."

He ceased and perked his head toward the bottom of the shaft, listening intently. "Didn't you 'ear something?"

"I thought so. Like a woman's voice."

"Listen—there it is again!"

"Mr. Fairchild!"

"They ran to the foot of the shaft, and Fairchild cupped his hands and called:

"Who wants me?"

"It's me!" The voice was plainer now—a voice that Fairchild recognized immediately.

"I'm—I'm under arrest or something up here," was added with a laugh. "The guard won't let me come down."

"Wait, and I'll raise the bucket for you. All right, guard!" Then, blinking with surprise, he turned to the staring Harry. "It's Anita Richmond," he whispered.

The bucket was at the top now. A signal from above, and Fairchild lowered it, to extend a hand and to aid the girl to the ground, looking at her with wondering, eager eyes. In the light of the carbide torch, she was the same boyish-appearing little person he had met on the Denver road except that snow had taken the place of dust now upon the whipcord riding habit, and the brown hair which caressed the corners of her eyes was moist with the breath of the blizzard. Some way Fairchild found his voice, lost for a moment.

"Are you in trouble?"

"No," she smiled at him.

"But out on a night like this—in a blizzard. How did you get up here?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I walked. Oh," she added, with a smile, "it didn't hurt me any. The wind was pretty stiff—but then I'm fairly strong. I rather enjoyed it."

"But what's happened—what's gone wrong? Can I help you with anything?"

"Then it was that Harry, with a roll of his blue eyes and a funny waggle of his big shoulders, moved down the drift toward the stope, leaving them alone together. Anita Richmond watched after him with a smile, waiting until he was out of hearing distance. Then she turned seriously.

"Mother Howard told me where you were," came quietly. "It was the only chance I had to see you. I—maybe I was a little lonely—or something. But, anyway, I wanted to see you and thank you and—"

"Thank me? For what?"

"For everything. For that day on the Denver road, and for the night after the Old Times dance when you came to help me. I—I haven't had an easy time. Most of the people I know are afraid and—some of them aren't to be trusted. And—you—well, I knew the Rodaines were your enemies and I've rather liked you for it."

"Thank you. But—" and Fairchild's voice became a bit frigid—"I haven't been able to understand everything. You are engaged to Maurice Rodaine."

"I was, you mean."

"Then—"

"My engagement ended with my father's death," came slowly—and there was a catch in her voice. "He wanted

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Joke on Famous Composer.

A certain newly rich person with more money than culture called on M. Massenet and said that he had seen his photograph in a paper and had read that he was "a clever pianist."

"A quarter of a million. That's why I'm vice president."

"And is that why you arranged things to buy this mine?" Fairchild knew the answer before it was given.

"I arranged—I never thought of such a thing."

"I felt that from the beginning. An effort was made through a lawyer in

Among the most beautiful of Shah Jehan's sculptured monuments is the pearl mosque at Agra. The entrance gateway of red sandstone contrasts effectively with the interior of white and blue-veined marble, says a writer in Asia. An inscription in letters of black marble states that this mosque may be likened to a precious pearl, for no other mosque is similarly lined with marble.

The Indian influence upon Mohammedan architecture of this period is evidenced in the lotus petal cap decorating the domes and in the prey Hindu finials, legitimate Mohammedan mosques bearing instead the simple spire with the star and crescent. The foliated arches come from a Buddhist source, symbolizing the lotus-leaf shaped aura around the body of Gautama. The pointed up foliage is derived from the shape of the leaf of the bodhi or pipul tree, under which Gautama attained to enlightenment and Buddhahood, and is commonly used in Buddhist iconography to indicate the nimbus around the head.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Hardly realizing what he was doing, or why he was doing it, Fairchild seized Anita in his arms and, rushing her to his breast as though she were a child, rushed out through the cross-cut and along the cavern to the fissure, there to find Harry awaiting them.

"Put 'er in first!" said the Cornishman anxiously. "The further the safer. Did you 'ear anything more?"

Fairchild obeyed, shaking his head in a negative to Harry's question, then squeezed into the fissure, edging along beside Anita, while Harry followed.

"What's doing, Harry?"

"Nothing. That's the funny part of it!" The big Cornishman had crept to the edge of the fissure and had started for a moment toward the cross-cut leading to the stope. "If it was coming, it ought to 'ave showed up by now. I'm going back. You stay 'ere."

A long moment and he was back, almost creeping, and whispering, as he reached the end of the fissure.

"Come 'ere—both of you! Come 'ere!"

"What is it?"

"Sh-h-h-h-h. Don't talk too loud. We've been blessed with luck already. Come 'ere."

He led the way, the man and woman following him. In the stope the Cornishman crawled carefully to the staging and, standing on tiptoes, pressed his ear against the vein above him. Then he withdrew and nodded sagely.

"That's what it is!" came his announcement at last. "You can 'ear it!"

"But what?"

"Get up there and lay your ear against that vein. See if you 'ear anything. And be quiet about it. I'm scared to make a move, for fear somebody 'll 'ear me."

Fairchild obeyed. From far away, carried by the telegraphy of the earth—and there are few conductors that are better—was the steady, powerful, pound, pound of shock after shock as it traveled along the hanging wall. Fairchild turned, wondering, then reached for Anita.

"You listen," he ordered, as he lifted her to where she could hear. "Do you get anything?"

The girl's eyes shone.

"I know what that is," she said quickly. "I've heard that same sort of thing before—when you're on another level and somebody's working above. Isn't that it, Mr. Harkins?"

Harry nodded.

"That's it," came tersely. Then bending, he reached for a pick and, muffled the sound as best he could between his knees, knocked the head from the handle. Following this, he lifted the piece of pickwork thoughtfully and turned to Fairchild. "Get your self one," he ordered. "Miss Richmond, I guess you'll 'ave to stay 'ere. I don't see 'ow we can do much else with you."

"But can't I go along—wherever you're going?"

"There's going to be a fight," said Harry quietly. "And I'm going to knock somebody's block off!"

"But—I'd rather be there than here. I—I don't have to get in it. And I'd be scared to death here. I wouldn't if I was along with you two, because I know—" and she said it with almost childish conviction—"that you can whip 'em."

Harry chuckled.

"Come along, then. I've got a 'unch, and I can't say it now. But it'll come out in the wash. Come along."

They started up the mountain side, skirting the big gullies and edging about the highest drifts, taking advantage of the cover of the pines, and bending against the force of the blizzard, which seemed to threaten to blow them back, step for step. No one spoke; instinctively Fairchild and Anita had guessed Harry's conclusions. The nearest mine to the Blue Poppy was the Silver Queen, situated several hundred feet above it in altitude and less than a furlong away. And the metal of the Silver Queen and the Blue Poppy, now that the strike had been made, had assayed almost identically the same. It was easy to make conclusions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beautiful Temple at Agra is Lined With White and Blue-Veined Marble.

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The successful man is the one who makes better what the ordinary person considers good enough.

ROAD BUILDING

NO ONE ROAD TYPE IS BEST

There is Suitable Kind of Highway for Traffic of Every Description—Many Considerations.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

No effort has been made to encourage the construction of any particular type of road in the federal-aid projects administered by the bureau of roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. The legal requirement that the roads shall be "substantial in character" has not been interpreted to mean that only the most expensive types of roads should be built. It has been recognized that the heavy and expensive construction which is necessary in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania is not suitable or warranted for the less exacting traffic of Nevada, Idaho and the Dakotas.

There is a suitable type of road for every type of traffic. Granite blocks are best around wharves and freight depots; country thoroughfares need to be better than rural side roads, lightly traveled. A number of other considerations have influenced the choice of type in many cases. It is frequently found that suitable local materials may cost less than better materials imported from a distance; approval of the use of local materials is not infrequently given for the purpose of encouraging local production. In parts of the Far West the entire absence of water along a right of way, and the expense of keeping an adequate supply, often make it necessary to approve the building of a type of construction that can be built without using large quantities of water.

The initial decision as to the type of a particular road is made by the state highway department. The bureau of public roads makes an independent study of the conditions. The most suitable type of road in the judgment of the engineers of the State department and of the bureau of public roads is finally decided upon. The earth, sand-clay and gravel roads

which make up 66 per cent of the mileage, have cost only about one-fourth of the federal-aid funds used, while the highest types, including cement concrete, brick and bituminous concrete have called for 60 per cent of the money to build 24 per cent of the mileage.

PAINT HELPS STEEL BRIDGES

Life of Many Steel Structures Is Shortened by Infrequent and Improper Attention.

The life of many steel highway bridges is materially shortened because of infrequent and improper painting, says the bureau of public roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. Each year a considerable amount of money is spent for the replacement of rusted bridge members that would have remained sound if they had been kept painted; and more serious than the waste of money is the danger to the public due to the weakening of some hidden part which may cause the collapse of the whole bridge.

Officials of the bureau urge that all steel bridges be inspected at least once each year and repainted at the first sign of rusting. Normally repainting is required at periods of from two to five years, depending on the climate. A suitable paint should be used, and if there is uncertainty about any paint, information should be requested from the state highway department.

It is a mistake to repaint without properly cleaning the metal of all dirt, rust, loose paint, and blisters. Usually the places hardest to reach are the ones that should receive the most attention.

Money for Road Paving.

Co-operating with the states, the government has approved in the past five years expenditures totaling \$220,000,000 for road paving. This is divided into three classes, concrete, brick and bituminous of which more than 80 per cent has been concrete.

Place Concrete.

Anyone who is careful to observe the simple rules necessary in doing concrete work can make and place concrete satisfactorily, even though he may have no previous experience.

Highway Transportation.

Highway transportation of freight increases from month to month, and good roads should increase as fast as the finances of the community will permit.

Set Black Locust Seedlings.

Try a fall setting of black locust seedlings or sprouts to grow fence posts.

Concrete Cold Frames.

Concrete cold frames are rot-proof and never need repairs.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLAN'S INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELLAN'S Hot water Sure Relief
BELLAN'S
25¢ and 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Try PISO'S
Antacid
Cough
Prescription

Cuticura Soap
Complexions Are Healthy
Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

A thought on Yuletide giving

And a few hints on how to fill Father's stocking

Another Christmas is rapidly rolling around.

Another year when you have to sit down and think—and think hard—what to give Uncle Arthur, Father, Cousin Edward, Grandfather and the rest.

Every man—well, nearly every man—likes nothing better than a good pipe. And the chances are that he will find at least one hanging on the Christmas tree and be tremendously pleased.

Right there is your opportunity to step in and give him something to go with the pipe.

Not an ash tray. (He probably has dozens of them.) Not a metal container for safety matches. (He'll never carry the darn thing.) Send him some tobacco. (That's what men usually smoke in pipes.) So to Edgeworth smokers, to the friends of Edgeworth smokers, and to all others who may be interested, we respectfully offer this Christmas suggestion:

A 16-ounce glass jar of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed R & D Rubbed.

You'll have to hunt far and wide to find the smoker who won't be tickled to find a glass jar of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed beside his Christmas pipe. If he doesn't get a Christmas pipe, he'll enjoy the tobacco just as much in his old pipe.

The 16-ounce jar sells for \$1.65 at any tobacco store.

If your regular dealer hasn't enough glass jars to supply the Christmas trade, let us play Santa Claus for you. Send us \$1.65 for each jar, a list of the friends you want to remember, and your personal greetings cards. We'll do the rest.

We'll pack the glass jars in appropriate Christmas boxes, enclose your cards and send them off in plenty of time to reach your friends before Christmas. Meanwhile, if you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth, we will be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice.

Just send us your name and address on a postal and we will forward the samples promptly. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and in various handy in-between sizes.

For the Christmas packages or the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 44 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

(To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Good Opinion of Himself.

A neighbor was quite interested in the two brothers next door. There was particularly fond of Bobby, who was talkative and unusually bright.

One day she asked him: "How much older than you is your brother?"

"Oh," promptly flashed Bobby, "he's a year older, but I'm a year smarter."

DYED HER BABY'S COAT, A SKIRT AND CURTAINS WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a new, rich color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.—Advertisement.

Simple Home Remedy.

For matrimonial heartache: A lump of pride dissolved in a glass of common sense. Swallow immediately and settle with a kiss. Add a dose of wholesome compliments. Repeat as often as needed.—From Life.

Refreshes Weary Eyes

When Your Eyes Feel Dull and Heavy, use Murine. It is a sure Relief from Eye Strain. Makes them Clear, Bright and Sparkling. Has Sold for Years. Recommended by All Druggists.

MURINE for your EYES